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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, JUNE 1, 1899. NUMBER 14

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It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil; and the citizens of all countries here met in common worship, beneath the ægis of inviolable peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt, in all parts, everywhere and throughout its ample domain! * * * But while seeking these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty.

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DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

There has been a great deal written about the doctrine of evolution, and a great deal talked about it. It has met with warm supporters, and equally warm opponents, but the discussion on the subject is generally terminated by the declaration that each side holds different views on what is meant by evolution. In fact, the general public has very hazy notions on what the dispute is about, though it recognizes the interest and importance of the subject, and anyone who succeeds in placing the theory in a clear light, and in a concise and intelligible form does a good work for which the public ought to be grateful. This has been effected by Miss Effie McLeod in a small book published by Alfred C. Clark & Co., Chicago, entitled, "A Popular Exposition of the Theory of Evolution," which treats the subject in a very able manner, and a very fascinating style; the authoress has evidently studied the matter deeply and carefully weighed the evidence for and against; her conclusions, therefore, will be read with interest by the scientific world, and with intelligent comprehension by the non-scientific public.

Miss McLeod is, we are proud to say, a Quebec lady, and her treatise, small and unassuming as it is, does honor to her native place, as much as it is creditable to herself. The book is for sale at Messrs. Hanson, Walsh, Evoy and Moore's, and is dedicated to Professor Jas. Clark Murray, of McGill College.

(*Quebec Telegraph.*)

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1899. NUMBER 14.

D. K. Pearson, the Chicago capitalist who has made an eviable reputation as a college renovator, had no sooner seen his fifty thousand dollar bait to Berea College land his one hundred and fifty thousand dollar fish than he set his hook again. In a letter to President Frost under date of April 25th, he writes:

"The $50,000 I gave you April 12th I consider a rare investment; will pay me 25 per cent. while I live and continue after I am gone. I propose to enlarge this investment by giving you $50,000 more if you will raise $150,000 on or before March 1, 1900. You need a Science Hall for teaching Agriculture and Domestic Science. If anyone should build the Hall at a cost of $25,000 it may be counted as a part of the $150,000. This offer will close March 1, 1900."

An interesting item is going the rounds of the papers which tells of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, accompanied by Mrs. Grover Cleveland, recently calling upon Ellen Clementine Howarth in her modest little home in Trenton, N. J. Mrs. Howarth, thirty-five years ago, startled the American public with verses full of patriotism and fire, literally composed at the washtub, and such other humble toil as is the lot of the poor and the unlettered. Now, in her old age she lives in obscurity, marveling, perhaps, more than anyone else, at the inspirations that came and are gone. She seems to be an American Johanna Ambrosius, the German peasant woman, whose power was recognized and whose name was lifted into fame two or three years ago by the Empress of Germany, who left her palace to see and listen to the humble woman in her hut. It will be a gracious reassurance to the believer in human brotherhood if the washerwoman of Trenton, N. J., will be permitted to sing again to the world through the appreciation of one who so worthily occupied the place of "the first lady in the land" in these United States. Should this happen we would anxiously wait to see whether the lines that thrilled thirty-five years ago have still in them thrilling power.

If one desires a new and strange hint of the infinite mystery and the vast complexity of life which unconsciously impinges upon our own, let him read the little monograph by Dr. Libby of the University of Wisconsin in the April number of "The Auk," the organ of the ornithologists, entitled "Nocturnal Flight of Migrating Birds." Two strange, almost weird observations are reported: One was on an elevation near the city of Madison, Wis., on the night of September 14, 1896. The observation ceased a little after three in the morning, and in a little more than five hours' time three thousand eight hundred bird calls were recorded, or an average of twelve per minute, all of which indicated a mystic tide of life tending southward. A year later, in 1897, with assistants, Dr. Libby, watched the moon through a small six-inch telescope and counted the birds that passed across the field of vision in their southward flight. During three nights' observation a total of five hundred and eighty-three birds were counted, forty-five during one fifteen-minute period. On figures thus accumulated Prof. Flint of the Washburn Observatory, estimated that "about nine thousand per hour had passed, or a total of one hundred and sixty-eight thousand birds" during the period of observation. We have aimed to give only a hint of the marvelous disclosures in Mr. Libby's article. Of Mr. Libby's ability to take observation and his skill in interpreting bird ways, no one who from year to year has profited by his bird lore at the Tower Hill Summer School can doubt. When the preachers run out of gospel material let them again turn to the birds and note the lesson of the sparrows.

Rev. Clark G. Howland.

It was a shock to the present writer, as to many others in attendance at the recent meeting of the Western Unitarian Congress in Chicago, to learn for the first time of the death of the gentle, wise and strong Mr. Howland, whose faithfulness at Kalamazoo, and latterly at Lawrence, Kan., was one of the unconscious elements that for many years has entered into the strength of that body. Although his death occurred on April 24, so complicated are the interests of life that we with many others had overlooked the meager notice of the same in the current press. The intimacy of the present writer with Mr. Howland reaches back through thirty years, and the story of his public ministry for the seven years anticipating that is familiar. At Tremont, Ill., Kalamazoo, Mich., and Lawrence, Kan., his ministry was such as leaves behind it only helpful memories. He tried his friends only by the quietness, calm, dignity and the reserve of patience that sometimes seemed to ill befit the feverish hour, but so grandly becomes the serene generations and the majestic centuries. Mr. Howland was one more illustration of the educating power of the pioneer West, which in its entirety was his only Alma Mater. Porfessor Carruth of the University of Kansas, in an appreciative notice of his friend and pastor, in the *Christian Register* of May 11, tells of how he did chores and "fetched" his way through the Union High School in Adrian, Mich.; how the town baker allowed him to bring his potatoes to be baked in the oven after the bread was taken out, which potatoes served the staple of his meal. He passed into the ministry without the help of college or divinity school, but it was into the ministry of thought as well as into the ministry of feeling. Mr. Howland might well be called a scholar, but we prefer to think of him as a man of scholarly habits, who by virtue of study, diligent reading and continuous intimacy with thinkers, made his ministry a ministry

of thought and a ministry to the thoughtful. From 1881 to the hour of his death he was the representative of progressive ideas in a university town and he represented them in such a spirit that those who differed from him loved him and those who could not wait upon the ministry of his pulpit were glad to confess the ministry of his life.

Some years ago a gentle and accomplished daughter, his elder born, rich in the training of the schools, drooped and passed beyond the reach of his touch. It left him maimed in spirit and must have prepared the way for his going hither and made the passage easy which to a man of his thought and wisdom could never have been a difficult or forbidding one.

On behalf of the many friends who may not find any means of public expression, the loved ones to whom he has ministered, the ministers who have respected and loved him in the ministry, we lay this belated tribute lovingly on the grave of our friend, co-laborer and fellow student—whose dates are August 8, 1831—April 24, 1899, and whose name is Clark Goodhue Howland.

Western Unitarian Anniversaries.

For the forty-fifth time the Unitarians of the West have convened in annual meeting and have enjoyed as ever the communion that is so welcome between isolated workers, and have laid their plans by means of which they hope to increase their influence, extend their boundaries, and more fully justify their right to a place in the sisterhood of Protestant denominations. We have not the official figures at hand, but it was claimed that the attendance from out of town was somewhat larger than for several years. One thing is sure, that to the eyes of the veterans the old guard was sadly depleted, and it is evident that the conduct of the ship is passing into new hands. Dr. Cone of Lawrence, Kan.; T. Grafton Owen of Arcadia, Wis.; George A. Thayer of Cincinnati, Chester Covel of Buda, and A. J. Haynes of Chicago, all of whom were promised on the program, failed to put in an appearance. This, although their places were well filled, could not fail of leaving a sense of disappointment, but one which, unfortunately, conference attendants are too familiar with. The "Ministers' Institute," the new name under which the first day's program masked, was justified in everything but the name for the three chief contributions of thought were given by those who do not carry the Rev. before their name, and they were listened to by an audience which was probably more lay than clerical. Professor Zeublin, in his address on the "Ethics of Municipal Ownership," touched one of the hot questions too much avoided by the conference for the life of the conference, and Professor S. H. Clark, in the discussion of "The Spiritual Mission of Tragedy," traveled far inward. The evening sermons by Mr. Mann and Mr. Simonds could not fail of the mark, while the last evening on "Religion in Current Literature," at which Kipling, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Walt Whitman were discussed by Mr. Mueller of Bloomington, Ill., and Mrs. Woolley and Mr. Salter of Chicago, reached high levels. Mr. Salter rose with his theme and left the conference at the end with the clear challenge of Walt Whitman in the best parts of a "Passage to India" ringing in its ears, and it will be well for the conference if it can but heed the call and insist upon knowing the inspiration of the advance, the joy of spiritual leadership.

Outwardly the movement of the conference was quiet, easy and harmonious, but in the confidences of the committee room and private consultation there was known something of the strain, the anxiety to which the conference is no stranger. The withdrawal of Mr. Gould from the secretaryship left the perplexing question of a successor to the unsuccessful deliberations of the committee room, and after two days' struggle the committee yielded, perhaps unwisely, to the Unitarian dread of open discussion upon questions of administration, and recommended a postponement of the question which many of the delegates were anxious to have settled then and there. Owing to generous financial reinforcements during last year on the part of the A. U. A., the Christian Register Association and the timely revenue from the Endowment Fund, the conference found itself in more easy circumstances than it has known for many years, and with a fresh hand at the helm, one not fatigued by overstrain or discouraged by an accumulation of disappointments, there is every reason why the conference should enter upon a new career of usefulness if its ear be alert to hear, the mind quick to heed the newer messages of the Spirit which cry a truce to controversy, doctrinal analyses, and sectarian propaganda. Hasten the application of theories to life, the synthesis of ethics, the co-operation of the sects in the service of man, which is the service of God!

The conference was made tender with the memorial thought of President Shorey and of Mr. Howland of Lawrence, Kan. The gavel fallen into the hands of the vice-president, Elinor Gordon, was gracefully wielded.

UNITY is mindful of the strong ties that bind it to this work and to these workers. From its side it rejoices in the thought of a continuous fellowship. We trust that other hands with more leisure and fuller information will further enlighten our readers concerning these meetings, in which they have large interest.

We are glad of this opportunity of saluting our fellow-workers and we tender these columns to the service of the work they have in hand. If there will be something missed of the Unitarian work and workers, it will be in the future, as in the past, because this tender is not accepted, rather than because aught is excluded that is offered in the spirit of love and co-operation. Let all good work go on!

Sallie Holley.

John Chadwick's story of the life of "Sallie Holley," entitled "A Life for Liberty," calls the roll of the brave anti-slavery women, the faithful, oftentimes obscure, always to the multitude unwelcomed women, those who lived before a woman's right to feel deeply on great questions or her power of expressing herself publicly upon the same, was recognized, but who notwithstanding testified in such a way that we to-day

sing to their praise the "Stabat Mater" of American religion. Mr. Chadwick reminds us of how the wife Helen made the home of William Lloyd Garrison "a garden of refreshment" to him in his brave fight.

"Now, Wendell, don't shilly shally, but be as brave as a lion," said she as he was entering the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London in 1840 to fight for the rights of the women delegates from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania to seats in the convention.

Maria Westman Chapman, whom Chadwick calls the lieutenant, in the company of which Garrison was captain; Abby Kelley, Mary Grew, Margaret Burleigh, Sarah and Angelina Grimké, Lucretia Mott, Lydia Maria Childs, Harriet Beecher Stowe—how inspiring are the names to-day, how the tongue loves to roll them upon its tip, and still how grim was their reception, how hardly was their message received. Now we know them clothed with all the graces of womanhood. Then they were exposed to a savage ribaldry that Godiva, the Lady of Coventry, was saved from when she rode naked through the medieval town that the people might be rid of their blight, for in the story only a peeping Tom invaded the sanctity of her womanhood, but in the cases of these heroines of freedom, a quivering soul was continuously exposed to the unholy jeers of the vulgar crowd.

"Sallie Holley" was one of this band, relatively one of the lesser members, but as the story of her life and its thrilling settings are brought out by the skillful hand of John Chadwick, we find there is that in it that intensifies our appreciation of the heroic age of American liberty and calls for a new reading of our estimate of courage and an enlargement of the list of graves that deserve our memorial tributes.

Sallie Holley lived from 1819 to 1893. Her life spanned seventy-five years. The story of it all is deeply dovetailed into the story of what is most heroic in American life. She stood in the advance of every question, a heretic in religion, but profoundly religious, an advocate of woman's right to be heard on platform and at the polls, herself eloquent to a persuasive degree, and yet domestic and retiring, skilled in all the humble arts of the fireside, one who knew how and was glad of the privilege of tending to another woman's baby at the donation party given to the Baptist minister while the mother participated in the game of "snap-and-catch." We see her away back in 1847 going in the stage sleigh all the way from Monroe, Mich., to Oberlin, Ohio, with her tear-stained face hidden behind her veil, because she went in defiance to the brother's pleading that she should stay away from "that nigger school." But she went to fight the grim theology, to insist upon her right as a woman and to study the rights of the slave. "Wait a year more and I will join with you in pleading the cause of the slave women," said Sallie Holley to Abby Kelley Foster, although her beloved pastor, the now venerated Doctor Hosmer of the Unitarian Church at Buffalo, begged of her sister to save Sallie "from ruining her reputation by joining those hated abolitionists." But the sister replied: "Sallie thinks her salvation depends on not being ashamed of those hated abolitionists, Parker Pillsbury, Abby Kelley and Mr. Garrison."

While at Oberlin Sallie succeeded in securing the election of Lucy Stanton as president of the "Ladies' Literary Society," because she was bright and competent, and because she was black. And that night in her dreams she saw the angels of Heaven riding on white horses, saying as they passed: "We take great interest in your Sallie." For ten years she went through the North, from Maine to Michigan, pleading the cause of the black man, paying ungrudgingly the extra tax imposed upon her because she was a woman, for this last tax broke down the courage of many who were equal to the former. In her day even Henry Ward Beecher hoped that his sister Harriet would keep off the platform.

It is pathetic to read the story of those heroes of the anti-slavery contest, to see how many of them were lost when the cause was won. Othello was left without a vocation. Like Alexander, they "wept for other worlds to conquer," but Sallie Holley took her soul with her as she traveled through life. The emancipation proclamation was signed January 1, 1863. By spring she was deep into the next task. The colored man was not yet where she wanted him. For twenty-three years more she fought his battle. Into the heart of Virginia she plunged with her companion, Caroline Putnam, and there grappled with the problem of educating the race that was liberated, of fighting the prejudices that were still left, of being the clearing house where northern generosity and intelligence met southern ignorance and prejudice, exchanged commodites and all parties were benefited thereby.

This is the fine problem of the soul, the demand of spiritual courage. To keep moving is to be able to understand the message from high heaven the moment it arrives. It is easy to read the word of the Lord to the past generation. Most any one can do that. The great task is to read the word of the Lord to this generation. Therein lies the characteristic of the prophet; to him inspiration is in the present tense and therein lies the characteristic of the prophet-hero. To him the word of the Lord is in the imperative mood, first person singular, present tense. "New occasions teach new duties," is Lowell's great phrase which Chadwick makes a title to one of the chapters in his new book. Oh, it is hard to meet this highest bravery, the bravery that dares spell out the last syllable, the latest phrase in the continuous revelation of God. The highest courage earth calls for is the courage to change your mind, to readjust yourself to the new circumstances, to rise independent of old words and old forms and old friends, when these stand between you and the abused brother, the overriden principle, the unpopular cause of to-day. The exceeding courage of Garrison led him to say in the fifties that "the constitution of the United States was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," but when in the sixties, the sure grinding of God's mill brought new and unexpected elements into the problem and he was taunted on account of his manifest interest in the constitution and his desire to save the Union, he replied: "How could I know at that time

that death and hell were to secede from the constitution?"

Let there be no garnishing of prophet tombs. Let us not insult the memory of those liberators by mumbling their cry with lips that ought to speak loud and clear the cry for freedom and for humanity, the rights of black, brown and white man to-day. Now, as in the days of Garrison, we need to take weapons out of the scale of despotism and throw them into the scale of freedom."

It is true now, as then, that it is easier to propagate a dogma than it is love; that we have more zealots than zeal still in our midst, for zealots are those who stand for the zeal of past generations. Zealots represent heroism in the past tense. They make a chorus out of John Brown's lonely solo. It is tearful to read between the lines of Sallie Holley's letters. She says: "Oh, how many letters I have had to write in order to raise forty dollars." We see her going sixteen miles to get one subscriber for the "Anti-Slavery Standard." We see her battling with that dead piety that is always so unctious and so sterile. The Anti-Slavery Society offered five hundred dollars to the American Bible Society if that society would attempt to give Bibles to the slaves, "and," writes Miss Holley, "so cowardly was it that it declined even making the attempt." Such a Bible society reminds us of the Yale college student of whom Miss Holley wrote, who advertised for board, "where his Christian influence would be received as part pay."

"My dear," said the wife of the president of Oberlin College, "please do not accept any invitation to tea in a colored man's house when you are at Sandusky," attending a colored people's convention. Twelve or fifteen years later we find Oberlin College laying a hundred lives on the altar of liberty, and now, alas! the voice of Oberlin applauds the war that slays the negroes in a distant island because, perchance, the great waves of thought transference have carried the liberty songs of John Brown to their far-off islands of the sea.

Wherever a soul is loyal to its present impulse, wherever the tongue speaks what the consecrated heart feels and the diligent mind believes, wherever life is added to life, where by self-denial and self-sacrifice human woes are reduced and human liberty is enlarged, there is the heroism we would celebrate. Does the crack of the slave-driver's whip still echo in the bang of the lyncher's pistol? Is the infamy of legal slavery still to be perpetuated in the more infamous illegal outrages of white against black in the South; are Armenian peasants pressed to the wall by Turkish arrogance and Russian Jews insulted and exiled on account of the faith they cherish? Do British guns intimidate the crouching African or the listless Hindu in their feeble groping toward light? Does civilization undertake to coerce those whom it ought to nurse, to command where it ought to lead; do the more benighted and less favored children of God cry in any corner of this world for liberty, more liberty? Then in their behalf let the heroic speak for them, and with them, and never against them may our flag float.

The Close of the Century.

Can we believe the nineteenth century's close
Must sanction war, and brothers turn to foes?
Shall Christian men abjure Christ's watchword, Peace!
And cry for blood while streams of blood increase?
No! Rather think the truth—that men of greed
Betray the nation, lust of gold to feed!
Know that the people's hearts beat pure and strong,
Know that those hearts to patriots belong.
Quick to the polls with women and with men!
Strike from the rolls the tainted names, and then,
Upon the banners write in golden lines
Names around which untarnished honor twines.
Down with dishonesty and selfishness!
Up with the love of God and righteousness!

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

Anthropological Notes.

Beloit College—at Beloit, Wis.—A well-known Congregational school, is one of the few new American colleges possessing a museum collection in anthropology. In its *Logan Museum* are considerable collections. Most important is the Rust Collection in Archæology. This series, which was exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition is particularly rich in Californian specimens. In it the characteristic types of that region—stone mortars and pestles, perforated stones (perhaps used for weighting digging sticks), stone tubes, "medicine stones" (used, perhaps, in conjuring)—are numerously represented. A unique specimen is a large crudely worked U-shaped stone. This roughly resembles the problematical stone "yokes" of Mexico. These however, are carefully polished and finely carved; their use has been matter of dispute, but it is quite certain that they are *not* sacrificial yokes. The Californian stone is said by Mr. Rust to be symbolical, having reference to fertility in women. If he be correct, it is possible that the Mexican "yokes" had a similar meaning. While Mr. Rust's collection is especially rich in Californian specimens, it contains a fairly representative material from other fields. There are specimens from the mounds of the Mississippi Valley, the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, the Sioux, the old Mexicans and European sites of the Stone Age and Bronze Age.

The Rust Collection was purchased and donated to the college by Mr. Walter Logan. The college also owns, though I am uncertain whether it came with the Rust Collection, a curious and interesting display from Japan. Perhaps the World's Columbian Exposition was the most carefully organized of great worlds' fairs. In its invitations to other countries these were invited to exhibit in any or all of its many departments. Probably Japan was the only nation which sent definite displays to each and every department. That island empire sent charming exhibits in Horticulture, Agriculture, Forestry and Manufactures: in Mining and Machinery it was not behind: its Educational exhibit was good; in Anthropology it sent a special though not large, display. This consisted of a considerable number of large diagrams representing ancient monuments and their construction and contents, and a collection of relics illustrating the prehistoric culture of the country. This interesting series is now at Beloit. A specimen which occupies a conspicuous position in the museum and attracts much popular attention is a gigantic dried body —or "mummy"—from the Southwest. The balance of this really quite important collection consists of a variety of ethnological specimens from Africa and the South Sea Islands and local Indian relics, contributed by friends of the college.

This is indoors; outside there is also matter of interest. The College Campus is dotted with ancient Indian mounds. These are mostly simple low hillocks, but one is a "turtle"—an example of those

strange earthen animal effigies for which the state of Wisconsin is famous.

Beloit College is to be congratulated upon possessing so interesting a collection. It is particularly suited to use in teaching. It is, however, practically unused. It might easily be made the material for annual series of lectures to the student body, which would be an important and attractive feature of the college work. The material is sufficiently varied to warrant four series of lectures which might so alternate as to prevent repetition during the four years' curriculum. Until the college makes some such definite use of its collection, it fails to serve any important purpose. The college should also make some effort to increase this part of its museum. Wisconsin is a rich field archæologically but there are few local relics in the collection. There are still Indians living in the state. Collections of specimens illustrating their life and customs ought to be made: but they must be made now—a few years hence will be too late.

Crystal Vision: One of the most interesting chapters in Andrew Lang's "The Making of Religion" deals with "crystal visions." Its opening words are:

"Among savage methods of provoking hallucinations whence knowledge may be supernormally obtained, various forms of 'crystal gazing' are the most curious. We find the habit of looking into water, usually in a vessel, preferably a glass vessel, among Red Indians, Romans, Africans of Fez; while Maoris use a drop of blood, Egyptians use ink, and Australian savages employ a ball of polished stone, into which the seer 'puts himself' to descry the results of an expedition."

Further on he says:

"Here, then, we find the belief that hallucinations can be induced by one or other form of crystal gazing, in ancient Peru, on the other side of the continent among the Huilleche, in Fez, in Madagascar, in Siberia, among Apaches, Hurons, Iroquois, Australian black fellows, Maoris, and in Polynesia. This is assuredly a wide range of geographical distribution. We also find the practice in Greece, in Rome, in Egypt and in India."

"Miss X. has traced it among early Christians, in early Councils, in Episcopal condemnations of *specularii*, and so to Dr. Dee, under James VI., Aubrey; the Regent d'Oleans in St. Simon's Memoirs, the modern mesmerists and the mid-Victorian spiritualists . . ."

And in this great range in place and time the phenomena are practically identical. Such uniformity is an astonishing fact, well deserving careful investigation by the anthropologist and psychologist.

Probably no one has ever before gathered such a mass of material regarding this subject as Mr. Lang. But he has only made a beginning. He does not know of such phenomena among the Aztecs. In the *Historia de Tlaxcala*, written by Camargo in 1876, we find a curious passage:

"The seventh prodigy was that watermen of the Mexican Lake—boatmen, pirates or hunting canoemen—hunted a bird, gray-like a crane. They carried it at once to Montezuma that he might see it. He was in a dark hall in his palace, as the sun had set, but the place became bright as by day. The bird was more strange and wonderful than could be imagined. Upon its head was a round diadem, like a mirror, clear and transparent, by which could be seen the sky and the twin stars, Castor and Pollux. Montezuma, closely examining and admiring this diadem and the bird's head, saw a great number of men therein, who came marching in finely ordered bands in battle array, battling, some of them, against others who were skirmishing mounted on animals like deers and other animals. And as he saw these so numerous and deformed visions, he commanded that his diviners, who were held for learned, should be called. When he came he told them the cause of his wonder. . . . then suddenly the bird disappeared and thus they could not give him an opinion, nor any definite and true prediction." (Camargo: p. 171. Somewhat free translation.)

In 1892, when visiting the North Carolina Cherokees, old Swimmer Fox, the medicine man, was interested in our finding a quartz crystal. He asserted that it probably belonged to an ancient shaman, who used it in conjuring. We were so busied with other investigation at the moment that we unfortunately made no inquiry as to *how* the crystal was used. In 1893, visiting the Tonkaways in Oklahoma, we one day assumed a suffering we did not have in order to test and experience a sort of abdominal massage practiced by their doctors. Our pretense was a failure and we got a treatment different from the one wanted. On leaving, the native practitioner promised to come in the morning to examine our condition. If no improvement were found he proposed to "look into water at sunrise" for guidance. Startled from profound slumber by his entrance in the early morning, our symptoms were not readily assumed and we were congratulated upon our recovery. Whatever the "looking into water at sunrise" may be, it did not take place. We believe the crystal among the Cherokee shamans and water among the Tonkaways were for crystal visions, but cannot *assert* it. We shall look more fully into these matters at our first opportunity.

Scientific Movement in Canada.—Local scientific societies are of the highest importance. They bring together the real scientific workers of a district and give them the encouragement and impulse due to a feeling of fellowship and mutual interest. Before them are frequently read papers of great value and interest. Through such societies collections of the local fauna, flora, geology and mineralogy are made. These societies foster an interest in the young and start them as investigators, while at the same time they emphasize to the general public the just demands of science upon their interest and purse. Canada is showing notable appreciation of such societies at present. Among the oldest and most active of these organizations in the Dominion is the *Natural History Society of New Brunswick* at St. Johns. It has been in existence for more than a third of a century and has a library and collections. It has published nearly a score of "Bulletins," containing many important papers. In his address as president, at the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the society, Mr. George U. Hay mentions similar societies at Fredericton and Chatham, and one about to be organized at St. Martin's. United effort of such societies to direct and harmonize their work is of high importance, and joint excursions and union meetings further the legitimate ends of each as independent. One possibility of such co-operation is suggested by the following clipping from a recent issue of "The Educational Review:"

President A. McKay, of the Nova Scotia Institute of Science, in his recent inaugural address, thus refers to the coming meeting of the Summer School of Science on the Restigouche: "In August for one fare we purchase a return ticket to Campbellton, N. B., to spend a few days with some of the most enthusiastic scientists of the Maritime Provinces—those professors, principals and other teachers who are willing to devote two weeks of their holiday season to mutual instruction and enjoyment in the forest, field and laboratory. The president, Mr. G. U. Hay, has invited the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, and also this Institute, to co-operate with the Summer School in a grand gathering of the representative scientific men of the Maritime Provinces. The place of meeting would be a delight to the lover of romantic scenery, while affording to the botanist and geologist exceptional facilities for field work. The occasion might be utilized for the discussion of some of the larger questions regarding scientific education that are pressing upon us. Joint resolutions from our three scientific societies would have great weight with our governments, and might lead to the extension of our technical science schools, now so miserably inadequate, or to important modifications in the methods adopted to further education in general science."

FREDERICK STARR.

We gain justice,
Judgment with years, or else
Years are in vain.

—*Meredith.*

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.—*Cobden.*

Good Poetry.

When She Comes Home.

When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome; I shall tremble—yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress,
Then silence: And the perfume of her dress:
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—sunlight even—for a space;
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

My Sword Song.

Day in, day out, through the long campaign,
I march in my place in the ranks;
And whether it shines, or whether it rain,
My good sword cheerily clanks;
It clanks and clanks in a knightly way,
Like the ring of an armored heel;
And this is the song which day by day,
It sings with its lips of steel:

"O friend, from whom a hundred times,
I have felt the strenuous grip
Of the all-renouncing love that climbs
To the heights of fellowship;
Are you tired of all the weary miles?
Are you faint with your swooning limbs?
Do you hunger back for the older smiles,
And the lilt of older hymns;

"Has your heart grown weak since that rapt hour,
When you leapt, with a single bound,
From dreaming ease to sovereign power
Of a living soul world-crowned?
Behold! the aloes of sacrifice
Are better than radiant wine,
And the bloody sweat of a cause like this
Is an agony divine.

"Under the wail of the shuddering world
A moan for its fallen sons;
Over the volleying thunders hurled
From the throats of the wrathful guns;
Above the roar of the plunging line
That rocks with the fury of hell,
Runs the absolute voice: O earth of mine,
Be patient, for all is well!"

Thus sings my sword to my soul, and I,
Albeit the way is long,
As soiled clouds darker athwart the sky—
Still keep my spirit strong;
Whether I live, or whether I lie
On the stained ground, ghastly and stark,
Beyond the carnage I shall descry
God's love shine across the dark.

—*Richard Realf.*

Meeting At Night.

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick, sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through joy and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each.

—*Robert Browning.*

The oldest university in the world is at Pekin. It is called the "School for the Sons of the Empire." Its antiquity is very great, and a granite register consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of 60,000 graduates.

The Pulpit.

Human Brotherhood.

A Sermon by Rev. Leslie W. Sprague Delivered at All Souls Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., Sunday, May 21, the Day Being Observed by all the Local Churches as Hospital Sunday, and Offerings Taken for the Hospitals and the Humane Society.

"By this shall men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John xiii:35.

"I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."—Math. v-44, 45.

For eighteen centuries these lofty words have been ringing in human ears. Men have not only felt them to be lofty and true, but the great majority of Christendom have listened to them as to divine commands, believing them to have come from a super-human source. For eighteen centuries this divine call for human brotherhood has been enforcing the experience of men which through the millions of human years has been discovering that the law of life is the law of love, of helpfulness, of mutual zeal; and yet despite the centuries of Christian teaching and the millions of years of human experience, the great truth of human brotherhood remains still very largely unperceived. After all the development of human intelligence and the unfolded power of human feeling, man still seems incapable of grasping, to any great extent, this fundamental fact of his life, his prosperity and happiness. What we call "civilization," and ordered armistice of brute passions, seems too often nothing more than an outer garment, easily laid off, or even a garment put on to cloak the fierce passions and the unholy rage which rankle within. Beneath the outer semblance of co-operation, in the great industrial world, what passions of selfishness and greed, what indifference to the life and welfare of other human beings, even to the welfare of the social world, of a man as a whole; what outrages, murders, willful traffic in human blood, are daily witnessed by the observing! And how hard the grind of the iron mill on the man whose instincts and purposes have been elevated into some sort of harmony with the nobler, more brotherly import of our teachings and pretense. And how readily, upon the slightest provocation, the American throws off all regard even for the pretense of brotherhood, or for the laws of social order. Our citizens of the South are easily stirred to burn negroes alive without the formality of a jury trial; and little, if any, tamer or saner, are the hearts of the North, for here with infinitely less cause for the loosening of brutal passions than in the South, our citizens not infrequently vent their barabaric natures in the cruelty of lynching the offender against the social order they themselves thus violate. How readily our brave sons enlisted in a war of humanity; such a war develops some of the best and noblest traits of manhood, but a war for conquest degenerates into barbaric savagery. Making due allowance for the exaggeration of the reports, and holding judgment in suspense until the facts may be fully known, it yet remains that even the American soldier is soon enabled by such discipline to cast off the outer cloak of civilized regard for human life; and the fact that our boys in the Philippines can write home such stories of atrocities alleged to have been witnessed by them; the fact that our boys can thus sanction alleged outrages, is quite

as significant as the outrages would be if really committed.

These things are but a revelation of humanity as a whole. We may not condemn Southern frenzy when the noblest sanctities of human life are violated, for calm thought and study of our own hearts must tell us that in the same circumstances we would find self restraint as difficult, to say the least, as does our brother of the Southern clime. Nor shall we be hard in our judgment of our brave boys in the tropic isles, for they are our best and noblest blood. Rather shall we see the fact that even in the land of freedom, democracy and progress, human brotherhood is yet but a pretense or an outer form, which at most but controls our minor actions and regulates our unimportant affairs.

It therefore becomes the duty of every man to ally himself with God's eternal cause; to place his influence, be it great or small, on the side of the Master's teachings; to further by word and work the cause thus divinely given, and so to serve the generations living and yet to live. Those who stand at the sources of human thought and motive, who help mold public opinion and direct the conduct of men, have at all times great responsibility, and in this age of contending issues and conflicting zeals, a specially exacting and commanding duty to perform. The press, the magazine, the pulpit and the school, not to speak of the many other sources of our common thought and aim, must be true to their opportunity and to the demands of the future; let no occasion pass without earnest words in behalf of human brotherhood, the fundamental law of all prosperity, of all happiness and true and worthy life!

It is no wonder that the law of human brotherhood has not yet been fully learned, or that man has thus far failed to put it very fully into practice. It is a great law, fraught with mighty significance. It is a high law not to be easily grasped or fulfilled; and though it seems so far off, yet the race has gone a long way toward its realization. Judging our age by the ideal of human brotherhood we can but find the age far below the demand; but judged by the primitive condition of man, our age is discovered a long way upon the road of progress. The development which man has passed through in both thought and practice is already very great.

Of the law of love, as of all other laws of life, we may say that Nature creates, experience discovers, religion adopts and enforces it. The law of love is the steadfast principle of human life. Self-help may be first, but mutual help primal and important. Self preservation has been called the first law of Nature, but self-sacrifice is the first law of human Nature, and its origin is even in the brute creation. Again and again the life of man brings him to the choice between self-preservation and self-sacrifice, and few there are who fall below the higher demand. The soldier responds to the higher demand. He instinctively feels that the welfare of the state is of more importance than that he should live and enjoy the fruits of the civil order. The mother instinctively realizes that it is of more consequence to the world that she should risk death for the sake of the child which shall live after her term of years is spent, than that she should live and otherwise serve the world, no matter what her life or service. The fireman constantly risks his life for the life and property of others, nor does the brave man count the cost. Those men are few, and unworthy the name of man, who do not instinctively rush into any danger which threatens the life of another, nor do our instincts stop to ask any questions about the race, creed or worthiness of the one whose life is endangered. We could not stand idly by and see the worst criminal that ever lived drown within reach of our hazard; though our judgment tells us he were unworthy, and that it were better he should die, yet our instincts give the lie to our judgment. They are true far than our creeds and operate in spite of our professions.

If you would discover the long way humanity has passed toward the ideal of human brotherhood, you only need to ask and answer the question, Whence came these human instincts of self-sacrifice? Without going into the history of philosophy, or discussing the merits of such systems of thought as experimentalism and institutionalist, we shall be able, by the help of science, to trace in the real life of man throughout his history the growth of these instincts. Why they are here, or whence they came we are not at present concerned to inquire, but how they came is apparent and pertinent to our present topic.

These instincts of self-sacrifice have gained their present development through the working of the law of natural selection, or, as Spencer calls it, the law of "the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest." Nature—and always back of Nature I would see the law and wisdom of a beneficent God—Nature has placed her premium upon fraternity, mutual help, love and sacrifice. From the anthill to the human republic the story of life is the story of the bestowal of that premium upon those who merited it. Ants and bees, devoid of the instinct of co-operation, were soon deprived of life. Primitive cattle without the law of the herd were incapable of defense and soon perished before their fierce competitors for the field of life. The father and mother who knew not the law of interdependence and mutual sacrifice, who felt no constraints to renounce self in the interests of their offspring, were soon left childless, and, dying, left no offspring. Only those who sacrificed, who learned the law of mutual endeavor and regard, could stand through the perils of the ages. This is the story from the lowest mammal to the highest manhood. In the early age of man, when the earth was young, and the population slight, nature demanded only the family; no larger social group was then imperative. Then, the individuals incapable or impatient of the family bonds, were under the ban of nature. Those who could not combine in family groups for mutual defense against wild beasts, or wilder men, were speedily extinguished, leaving the field to those who had these instincts and obeyed their impulses. Then came the time when family devoured family, and the race was in danger of extinction. Nature's premium was then placed upon those families capable of combination with other families into the clan. We speak in reproach to-day of people who are "clannish." But in a truer sense of the word nature once destroyed all who were incapable of becoming clannish.

Again, as the population of the earth increased, and the strife to gain possession of the fertile fields, the game-full forests and the abundant streams; as the strife grew fierce between clan and clan, nature put her premium upon the clans which were capable of finding their interdependence and of sacrificing all that stood in the way of co-operation. Before the new and larger group, all incapable of such relationship went down in ruin and defeat. The struggle for existence had brought the world as far as the race. But here was no finality. The race warfare is older than the contrast of white skin and black; and in the history of man it has often threatened the extinction of the species. Nature put her premium again upon those who could unite in the larger interests of a nation. And our republic, with its vast confluence of human streams, with its bonds that know no race, sect, color or previous degree of servitude, is the last instance of human conformity to nature's divine command.

Thus we trace the process by which these unselfish

instincts have come. We see the long course over which human progress has already passed. We also catch a glimpse of the way over which man still must go in his march toward the life of human brotherhood. For the end is not yet reached. The family bond still holds, but is subservient to the higher claims of the race. The race pride still sways, but is giving way rapidly to the higher demands of the nations' common life. And the individual feels the impulse of the ages' sanction when he risks life for another life; when he renounces self for the interests of the family, race or people.

Nature creates, experience discovers and religion appropriates and enforces. Nature has placed her sanction upon the largest human co-operation. Experience is slowly discovering that even the bonds of national life are not large enough to satisfy the infinite law. Religion is restless with the dim perception that she must soon adopt a larger revelation and adjust her sanctions and her messages of encouragement thereto.

Even our great and glorious republic, with its blending of the blood and ties of many races, is not the final realization of the eternal law of interdependence and mutual help. The larger experience is speaking through the voice of sociology, declaring for the solidarity of man. Experience is voicing itself in the poetic dream of our noblest hearts and greatest minds who foresee the coming of the "Federation of the world." Religion is laying hold gradually of these new fruits of human experience, and its message, as voiced by its most lofty exponents, is ringing with the cry against all hatred, prejudice and persecution. The world is discovering its unity; that it is not nations or races, but a world; that its true bonds are not of the blood, nor of speech nor of geography, nor even of its religions and its degrees of civilizations, but at last these all are lost in the larger bonds of humanity. The true man is beginning to feel that

> "His fatherland must be
> As the blue heavens wide and free.
> Where'er a human spirit strives
> After a life more true and fair.
> Where'er a single slave doth pine,
> Where'er one man may help another."

There is slowly dawning before the vision of trade the fact that the whole world is interrelated; that a famine in India, a war in Cuba, corruption in France, tyranny in Turkey, all affect even in the market, to say nothing of the mind of London, New York or Honolulu.

And some there are on the outposts of human observation who discover that tyranny is as contagious as cholera, and even national greed more dangerous than smallpox. Some there are who are reading the last messages of human experience, and in its name declare the approach of the time when the American shall be as concerned for the life, liberty and happiness of the European, the Asiatic or the native child of the sun-kissed isles, as he is now for the born American; who also see while America may lead in the perception of the larger bonds, all men shall come to the beautiful discovery and learn to live by the only life-giving law. With the long history of progress behind us, with the really great attainment the world has won before our view, we dare not call fanciful, visionary or chimerical this latter dream of the lovers of humanity.

Human brotherhood means a universal community of purpose and acknowledgment of universal bonds. It recognizes and fulfills the bond Cain violated and then tried to repudiate, saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It means that the strong must bear the infirmities of the weak, and that no one class, people, or even race, can say to any other, "I have no need of thee," since all are members one of another. It means the recognition of common gain and loss; one suffering, all suffer; one prosperous and happy, all sharing that joy. It means a community of possession, not the redistribution of wealth, nor the overthrow of the system of private ownership, but the government of riches by the law of trust. All things in their ultimate utility must belong to all men. Any man or class of men taking more than his share, and depriving others of their proper part, must also suffer the effects of that deprivation, since no man, or class of men, can be happy or prosperous to the full extent of human capacity in the midst of a community unhappy and in poverty. Human brotherhood therefore means that what any man holds he holds in trust for all. And to enrich oneself by the harvesting of forests, by the rent of fields, by the income of industry, or by any utilization of opportunities the world offers the sagacious, can be excused only when the recipient of much is conscious of the responsibility thus imposed, and when he wisely administers his trust for the welfare of all mankind.

Human brotherhood also means that our talents, our characters, our tastes, our very lives, are but given us in trust. No man has any right to gain learning and hoard it any more than so to misuse material wealth. No man can justly hold himself away from the world's life that he may not be tarnished by its vice. So doing, he soon corrodes and becomes the source of mental and moral disease. Human brotherhood means the largest possible sharing of all in the benefits of each. The application of these principles may be made both near and far. They apply themselves everywhere, strengthening the man who obeys their edict, defeating and at last crushing the man who evades their rule. The law of human brotherhood, enforced still by the law of the survival of the fittest, acts in every human relationship.

The man who observes the Golden Rule in all his dealings is leaving his family a heritage which gold alone can never buy. That man who violates the law of universal love, though he seem to prosper, is sowing in the fields of his inheritance the deeds of corruption, deceit and death, which shall sooner or later bring his children's children to direct want. Fraud may work in one generation or in two, but it soon degenerates the offspring and comes to need. Corrupton may thrive for one century, but not for ten. Nature's premium is to the family of the just man and true.

That city which defies higher law and offers every inducement vice can offer, bidding for growth, attracts to itself the disease of which later it must die. Only the group of men which puts its approval where nature places hers, upon the worth, the justice, the integrity of its people; only that group shall prove worthy of continued existence.

The pastors of this city come to-day to churches with the plea for more generous support of our charitable institutions. We offer, rather, an opportunity for Christian men and women to express their loyalty to the fundamental law of brotherhood. Our hospitals are human, not creeded, not racial, belonging to man rather than to any part of humanity. They are one embodiment of the perception our age has won of the general law of love. They ought to need no appeal. Nothing is asked for them which does not already belong to them. Society as a whole is under obligations to her unfortunate members. There has not a pine tree grown upon the sands of Michigan which did not grow as much for the child in the hospital's ward as for the child of luxury, for the woman who in agony there spends or ends her days, as for the wife of the lumberman who now sojourns in Europe in lands of aristocratic ease. There is not a law of manufacturing or trade, nor a profit in a single article of furniture which is not

for the good of the poor unfortunate soul without home or means, as for the family of the man whose larger gifts and opportunities have given him the privilege of directing an enterprise for which Nature and humanity have established the way. There is not a day's work offered for you or me—a day's work with its poor wage—which is not offered by the laws that concern themselves with the whole human race, and no day's wage belongs to us for our own selfish and ungenerous use.

I do not ask you, to-day, friends, to give something to the hospitals and the Human Society. I ask you to pay some little part of your debt to humanity. Everything which you are, everything which you enjoy, is dependent upon humanity as a whole. We do not live to ourselves alone, nor could we. While we have private ownership—and for one I do not see how we can ever successfully have any other method—the private owner, whether of a dollar or a million, must feel that whatsoever he holds is but a trust, the benefit of which he is bound to share.

We hear the lament that there are too many charitable institutions in our city, that they are all poor and begging all the time. But no one has yet ventured to say that the need for charities has been more than filled. And I think one would not need to look far to find that the great work of caring for the necessarily poor, the sick, the unfortunate, has scarcely been attempted even by the large number of our institutions. There are too many charities for our support, so reluctantly given, not for the work required. People say there are too many churches. There are too many for our apathy and indifference to our own and other's higher life; but when the age shall come again to believe in God, in the spiritual nature of man, and to feel that worship and high, associated thought and effort are a duty as well as a privilege, then there shall appear all too few churches for the great work in hand.

The argument for generous contributions toward paying, in your charity offering, part of your great debt to the world, is again the argument of nature's demand. That community in which the strong do not bear, gladly, patiently, fully bear, the infirmities of the weak, is beneath the ban of Nature's law. Only that group which is as one great family, in which the wants of any are made the concern of all, and even the sins of the part rest upon the conscience of the whole, only that community shall prove worthy of the largest life.

To-day may be called the Sabbath of Humanity. As we face in prayer the author of life we cannot but come with a larger thought of the promise of his love than we ever had before. And we say, "Our Father," we must have in mind a wider circle of humanity than that little pronoun of fraternity has ever before suggested to our thoughts. The principles of human brotherhood are finding their world embodiment and world-wide application. On Thursday began the Peace Congress of the nations, called by the imperial word of the Czar of Russia, who has laid before the nations the challenge of disarmament. Even czars are learning that men can suffer; that hatred is costly, and national pride, enforced by ball and shell, is expensive. Even if nothing substantial comes of this prophetic gathering, it is one of the greatest signs of promise our age has witnessed. That the Czar should ask the nations to such a conference, and that the nations should thus respond is significant of a dawning consciousness of ties deeper than antipathies; bonds stronger than hatreds; interests wider than national greed and aggrandizement. America goes to that great meeting, even if with hands red in the blood of battles, which the conscientious patriot finds it hard to justify, yet with her history and her truest life enforcing her proposal of an international court of arbitration. And the loyal American cannot but take hope for the future of his land when he sees America, fresh from the victories of battle, and again thrust into bloody complication, yet using her renown, and venturing her consistency, to try to lead the nations to a more excellent way of settling their disputes.

America has a right to speak. She has learned the secret of federation. She has organized our forty-two states—independent commonwealths—into a mighty common people. She has disarmed the states that they may not war with one another. She has taken upon herself, alone, the duty of their common defense. And it shall be hers in the councils of the world, in which she is winning a commanding place, to point the way to the larger federation, even the federation of humanity. And it is not too daring a dream to think that the time may come when there shall be not only the United States of America, but through the progress of such movements as have given us international law, international postal service, international rights and regulations of the seas, such movements as are giving the hope of international arbitration, international coinage, and other fraternal promises. It is not too daring to hope that in the dawning future there shall come through these movements the international federation—The United Nations of the World!

And that man whose heart does not ache for such a day; who does not dream of the fair time when wars shall be no more; who does not hope for the world-wide prosperity and joy which shall result when so large a part of the world's wealth, manhood and concern shall be taken from the destructive arts of war and placed in the constructive, creative pursuits of man—that man who does not feel the surging currents of these mighty hopes has not yet awaked to the eternal word forever riging in our ears, proclaiming love as the first law and the last, and brotherhood as both the privilege and the duty, the demand and the only security of the human race. And that man who does not strive to learn, as to obey, the law of human brotherhood, has not yet learned the meaning of Jesus' call to love, nor the joy of that faith which sees the Father sending his mercies to all his children; rain and sun, love, truth, faith and hope alike to the just and the unjust, that both may become fully his.

Lincoln's Selfishness.

Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow passenger on the old-time mud-wagon coach, on the corduroy road which antedated railroads, that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing good or evil. His fellow passenger was antagonizing his position when they were passing over a corduroy bridge that spanned a slough. As they crossed this bridge and the mud-wagon was shaking like a Sucker with chills, they espied an old razor-backed sow on the bank of the slough, making a terrible noise because her pigs had got into the slough and were unable to get out, and in danger of drowning. As the old coach began to climb the hillside Mr. Lincoln called out: "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?" The driver replied: "If the other feller don't object." The "other feller" —who was no less a personage than at that time "Colonel" E. D. Baker, the gallant general who gave his life in defense of Old Glory at Ball's Bluff—did not "object," when Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough, and began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water and place them on the bank. When he returned Colonel Baker remarked: "Now, Abe, where does selfishness come in on this little episode?" "Why, bless your soul, Ed, that was the very essence of selfishness! I would have had no peace of mind all day had I gone on and left that suffering old sow worrying over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"—*Springfield (Ill.) Monitor.*

The Study Table.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

The second volume of McCarthy's "England in the XIXth Century" is received from G. P. Putnam's Sons. It completes the work. It is a perfect sample of writing history for the general reader, without losing accuracy and thoroughness in handling great questions. I do not know, indeed, where one can possibly go to get a better view of English life and the great Englishmen of the century. While evidently a strong Liberal, the author deals fairly with the Tory leaders. Read these two volumes and you will be better able to see the folly of accusing England of an inglorious career of selfishness. Her history during the nineteenth century might be designated as the history of the growth of political and social conscience. God bless dear old England!

The American Book Company has published a thoroughly good book for young people, on Japan. The author, R. Van Bergen, dedicates it to his son "as a token of well-merited affection." That is grand; a father who writes a book for such a boy is doing just the right thing. But this book will serve admirably for many other noble sons. May the tribe increase. It consists of stories illustrating the history of Japan and the character of the Japanese. It has given me a new view of the motive force of this wonderful folk.

Those who wish to keep up with the labor movement in every phase of it should secure from Washington the monthly "Bulletin of the Department of Labor," edited by Commissioner Carroll D. Wright. Each number is absolutely essential to the understanding of the great question ahead—how to abolish poverty.

If you wish to get a good hold of the whole municipal reform question, keep your eye on the work done by Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the "American Review of Reviews." In a recent number he has a remarkably good article on the "San Francisco Charter." This magazine is our best cyclopedia of current history.

If the "Atlantic" has not yet won its place as first of the monthlies it is determined to do so. The May number must be read for its discussion of "Australasian Extensions of Democracy," if you would know what is ahead for republics, and the June number has an article on "Politics and the Judiciary," which every voter in the United States should study.

The "Literary Digest" gives a review of Dr. Briggs' ordination—a matter of no importance except to note that the Episcopal Church offers a temple of refuge to those who are too hard chased by Brother Calvin. Better is the discussion of "Work for the Church of the Twentieth Century." The "Digest" is always admirable for its good sense and literary taste.

The "Coming Age" for May has an excellent article on "Social Evolution," another on "Experimental Psychology," another on "Savonarola," by Dr. Peabody, whom we heard so gladly at Omaha, and a good deal more material that is of the very best. Read this from a poem by Rev. Dr. Hildreth—a picture of spring:

> "As noiseless as the
> Birth of thought it hoists the mystic gates of
> Life; and quiet as the blush of love that
> Steals on girlhood's cheek the flowing tides mount
> Up the pulseless trunk and waken from its
> Long repose each sleeping bud."

If you want a little handbook that gives every possible information about Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, write to the American Book Company for "Our New Possessions," and inclose ten cents. Better do that and let your nerves settle about the wickedness of expansion.

In these days of colonial problems it will be worth while to read "Napoleon's Plans for a Colonial System" in the "American Historical Review" for April—a quarterly of the very highest scholarship.

Two books from Little, Brown & Co. of Boston are of first rate quality. I do not know where the progressive students of religion can find a more useful work than "The Victory of the Will," by Victor Charbonnel. It is a grand effort to arouse a man's spiritual self. He says, "Let us live in ourselves; it often is not we who live, but the world lives in us." What he desires to create in us is "continuous heroism." His definition of religion is "a feeling of physical dependence on a God who permeates the universe, and a moral dependence, with a prayer of our soul in the name of justice, and righteousness, for moral deliverance."

"Pastor Nandies Young Wife," also from Little, Brown & Co., belongs in the class of intense novels, yet is not without great power and moral value. I should not care to exist on such pabulum, neither would I care for a steady diet of Hawthorne, or, for that matter, of Mrs. Ward. The book is packed with fine pictures—a real art gallery. The author, Edward Rod, is about equally artist and theologian and, psychologist. He is also an optimist at heart, using a pessimists' pen.

In the crowd of books on the Philippine Islands, besides that of Professor Worcester, I should place a volume by John Foreman as the most valuable. It is a remarkably complete book—historically, statistically and scientifically. Ethnology and geology are not overlooked. The author has traveled for many years about the Philippines and writes largely from personal observation. He does not think highly of the tribe that Aguinaldo represents, or of the native population of the capital. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The table groans under the weight of a magnificent volume on "Our Universities and Their Sons." It is as admirable in its text as in its type, paper and binding—sumptuous and glorious for both mind and eye. The account is of the four great eastern universities, Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton. The story could not be better told nor more gloriously illustrated. The next volume should give us Michigan as the mother of state universities, Chicago as a representative of municipal universities and the University of Virginia as the first state university of the South and first to be conceived and outlined. The first picture in this volume is a splendid portrait of our noble friend, W. T. Harris, commissioner of education for the United States. The pictures alone are worth the book. The story of our American universities is a romance. The work, to be in all four volumes, is issued by the firm of R. Herndon Company, Boston.

"A commonplace life," we say and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings.
But dark were the world, and sad were our lot,
If the flowers should fail and the sun shine not,
And God who studies each separate soul,
Of our commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—True piety traces all happiness up to the Father, as the sole source.
MON.—The soul grows best by those helps which are accessible to all.
TUES.—Courage gives us the command of our faculties when most needed.
WED.—The uses of toil reach beyond the present world.
THURS.—Who does not aim to penetrate what at first repels him, will never attain to mental force.
FRI.—The principles of human nature may be studied better in a family than in the history of the world.
SAT.—The impartial Father designs his best gifts for all.

William E. Channing.

Pussy-Clover.

When tow-headed children run
Jostling to the railway track,
Pussy-clover's in the fun,
Nodding forward, nodding back.

Matters little who sits there,
In the thundering car swept by;
Blossoms bow and children stare
Neither offering reason why.

Downy heads to hoary turn,
Scarcely noted is the change;
But the fair world's face grows stern,—
Wayside blossoms wan and strange.

Like all faithful, homely things,
Pussy-clover lingers on
Till the bird no longer sings,
And the butterfly is gone.

When the latest asters go,
When the golden-rod drops dead,
Then, at last, in heaps of snow
Pussy-clover hides her head.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Japan Festivals.

There is no country in the world where so much attention is paid to the amusement of children as in Japan. A Japanese year is full of festivals for old and young. There is the "Little Feast of Dolls" for the girls, which occurs on "Tanabota," when everyone is allowed to indulge in a swim; and you may be sure this never fails to call out shouting and tom-tom beating processions. These happy Japanese children, however, have no Christmas nor Santa Claus to gladden the season; but they put untold pleasure in the three days devoted to welcoming in the New Year, and "far into the three happy nights, dimples smiles and laughter, music and songs, are blended behind the lantern-lit shoji; and any game suggested by the wee one is arranged and played." These Japanese games, by the way, all teach something that should be learned.

The festivals that I think are the most charming in this most charming country are the flower festivals. There is one for the camelia, the plum, the cherry, the wistaria, the lotus, the chrysanthemum and the maple. "At each recurrence of these floral feasts the little ones are taken to whatever groves of blossoms and ponds of lotuses are most famous for profusion and perfection, where they spend a whole delightful day in devotion to nature. And such is the love of flowers, leaves and branches in Japan that the etiquette of their arrangement is considered a greater accomplishment than music, painting or drawing; and no child's education is complete who has not mastered the 'aristocracy of flowers.'"—*Scattered Seeds.*

The Arbutus.

It trailed on a sheltered hillside
Where in summer grew woodland fern;
And the sunbeam's warm kisses fell on it,
Close nestled in coppice and herne.
The faded leaves covered it softly;
But, when March passed over its bed,
It wakened affrighted to listen,
And raised up its fair little head.
And, when our dear April, so gentle,
With its warm tears the little face kissed,
It spread out its green leaves above it,
And blushed very sweetly, I wist.
And, when I had gone to the hillside
To welcome the springtime so new,
I was led by the delicate fragrance
To the place where the arbutus grew.
O timid and sweet little blossom!
A lesson thou bringest to me,—
Though thy life it is fair in beholding,
It is hidden in humility.

—*Selected.*

A Friend in Need.

This friend was a tame stag, who belonged to a lady living near Manila in the Philippine Islands. He was a pet and allowed to roam around at his will.

The ponies did not have the same freedom. When they were taken out they must be tethered. One day the man who fed the ponies tied one of them with a very short rope and then carelessly put its bunches of hay beyond its reach.

The poor little beast strained at his rope to reach his meal in vain. His owner, watching him from the window, was about to go to his help, when he saw the stag standing by taking in the situation. She waited to see what would happen.

The stag soon found a way out of the difficulty. He bent his proud head, lifted part of the hay on his antlers and put it down under the pony's nose. Then he went back for more, and in a few minutes the grateful little pony had his full meal before him and was making a hearty breakfast.—*Helen Ward Banks in The Christian Register.*

The Mystery of the Mail-Bag.

Perhaps she was of an investigating turn of mind. If so, she should have observed more closely. This cat lived in a drug store that was at the same time a sub-station of the postoffice. The mail pouch in which the letters were sent to the main office was fastened to the open end of a chute that ran through the floor into the basement. Puss has doubtless watched the letters and small parcels and postal cards slipping merrily down the chute, and she may have decided that it was a toboggan slide intended for amusement. She should have observed that the things that ran so merrily down the chute did not come back again. Puss disappeared. The men at the main office opened a mail bag, when out jumped a cat without address or postage stamp—a clear violation of the law. The postal clerks were frightened at first. Then they looked at the bag, saw the mark which told where it came from, and at once called up the sub-station where the equally excited group of clerks were hunting for a much loved cat. The mystery was solved and a boy carefully carried the cat, who stole a ride in the government mail bag, to its home.—*The Outlook.*

If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it.—*William Penn.*

We do nothing well till we learn our worth, nothing best till we forget it.—*James Martineau.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Lithia Springs Assembly.—Jasper L. Douthit's "Our Best Word" for May 17th is radiant in its illustrated announcements of that midsummer rally, which he directs. The hosts are summoned from all parts of Central Illinois to a sixteen-day festival of liberal thought, temperance agitation, civic study, normal rest and human fellowship. The program begins August 12th, and continues to August 28th. Colonel Sobieski is to be master of ceremonies. The speakers range from Sam Jones to Hon. George F. Adams of Chicago, the one representing—well, Sam Jones; the other, college dignity, congressional reputation and Unitarian reserve. Bishop Arnett, the eloquent African, John Temple Graves, "the most eloquent southerner," the "Slayton Jubilee Singers" and Bishop McCabe are among the speakers. There will be White Ribbon, Christian Citizenship, Fraternity, Round Table, Farmers', Prohibition, and many other kind of days. There will be Chautauqua circles, temperance jubilees, cooking schools and other features that make us want to be there. It would delight us to take a hand in this love feast. Altogether, this assembly is unique in its attempt to use the Chautauqua method in the interest of a broader spirit than Chautauqua.

Personal.—Dr. James K. Hosmer, the accomplished librarian of the Public Library of Minneapolis, has been visiting Antioch College, where he served as professor during its prophetic era. His theme was "Personal Reminiscences," which, we infer, were the reminiscences of his student life in Germany. The lecture was undoubtedly interesting, but a lecturer giving his "personal reminiscences" of life at Antioch would be more interesting.

The New York State Conference of Religion.—So many approvals from men of a dozen different denominations were received in reply to a Christmas Day Letter proposing a New York State Conference of Religion, that the committee of correspondence called a meeting of some of the men conveniently near to the city, on Tuesday, May 23, at the United Charities building in New York, to initiate the plan. The thirty-one who there met represented ten denominations. Among those participating were Rev. Drs. H. M. Sanders and Leighton Williams (Baptist); Henry A. Stimson and Josiah Strong (Congregationalist); Henry Mottet and Heber Newton (Episcopalian); E. B. Rawson (Friend); Gustav Gottheil and S. S. Wise (Jewish); J. L. Hurlbut and Edmund M. Mills (Methodist); Professor A. C. McGiffert and L. A. Maynard (Presbyterian); J. Elmendorf and J. K. Allen (Reform); M. S. Wright and J. T. Bixby (Unitarian); J. C. Adams and J. D. Corby (Universalist).

A three hours' session was held. Rev. Dr. James M. Whiton (Congregationalist), of the *Outlook*, was elected chairman, and Rev. S. J. Carter (Presbyterian), of the *Church Union*, secretary. The story of the conference plan to date was told. Letters of approval and suggestion—a few of many received—were read from President C. C. Hall of Union Theological Seminary, Chancellor McCracken of the University of New York; President Taylor of Vassar, Dr. Ward, of the *Independent*; Lyman Abbott of the *Outlook*; Professor William N. Clarke, of Hamilton (Baptist) Theological Seminary; Professor S. M. Hopkins of Auburn (Presbyterian) Theological Seminary; Professor Schmidt of Cornell; Secretary Creegan, of the A. B. C. F. M., and Secretary Choate of the Home Missionary Society; Rev. Drs. T. P. Swain of Troy, and W. J. Sutherland, of Oxford. There were earnest and stirring discussions ending in seemingly hearty agreements on all important points, as embodied in the following resolutions:

(1) "That a New York state conference of religion be held.

(2) *Membership*—"That the conference be composed of individuals in sympathy with its objects.

(3) *Basis*—"Religion, with its many theologies; one practical aim, the realization of righteousness, together with frank and friendly recognition of admitted differences in thought.

(4) *Program*—"That the executive committee be recommended to invite the widest expression of opinion touching religious, moral and social questions, aiming to emphasize the religious entities which underlie all efforts for a higher righteousness and the things of the spirit in which we all share.

(5) *Executive Committee*—"That the executive committee be nine with power to add to their number at any time. And the following men were elected, the first-named being appointed convener of the committee: Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D. (Congregationalist); Rev. Henry M. Sanders, D. D. (Baptist); Rev. Henry Mottet, D. D. (Episcopalian); Rev. Stephen S. Wise (Jewish); Rev. E. S. Tipple (Methodist); LaSalle A. Maynard (Presbyterian); Rev. J. K. Allen, D. D. (Reformed); Rev. T. R. Slicer (Unitarian); Rev. C. H. Eaton, D. D. (Universalist).

(6) *Time, Place and Finances of the Conference*—"That these questions be referred to the executive committee, with power to act.

(7) *General Committee*—"That, in addition to the executive committee, there be a larger general committee from over the state; that the present meeting be considered a meeting of the general committee, and that the executive committee be instructed to add to the general committee from the whole state, in such number and at such times as they judge best.

(8) "That when this meeting adjourn, it be to meet at the call of the chairman."

Books Received.

G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York and London: "A Life For Liberty, Anti-slavery and Other Letters of Sallie Holley." Edited, with Introductory Chapters by John White Chadwick. $1.50.

Charles Scribner's Sons. "The Messages of the Earlier Prophets." Arranged in the order of time, analyzed and freely rendered in paraphrase. Frank Knight Sanders, Ph. D., and Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D.

Adam and Charles Black, London: "Thoughts on the Present Position of Protestanism." By Adolf Harnack. Translated by Thomas Bailey Saunders. $1.00.

The Macmillan Company, London: "Bible Stones" (New Testament). Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Richard G. Moulton, M. A.

The Old Friends.

Where are they scattered now,
The old, old friends?
One made her dwelling where the maples grow,
And mighty streams through solemn forests flow,
But never, from the pine-crowned land of snow,
A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid
Life's tangled ways;
And then, perchance, a word or smile declares
That warm hearts throb beneath their load of cares;
For love grows on like wheat among the tares,
Till harvest days.

"But some are fall'n asleep;"
The words are sweet!
Our friends at rest beneath the blessed sod,
My feet still tread the weary road ye trod,
Ere yet your loving hearts went back to God!
When shall we meet?

Oh, thou divinest Friend,
When shall it be
That I may know them in their garments white?
And see them with a new and clearer sight,
Mine old familiar friends—made fair and bright,
Like unto Thee.

—*Exchange.*

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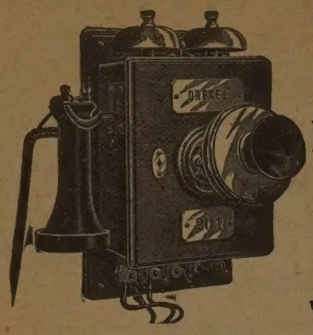

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